



# Aleppo Temple

## Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine

‘Es Selamu Aleikum’

### ATTENTION, NOBLES OF ALEPPO! HEARKEN TO THE MUEZZIN'S CALL!

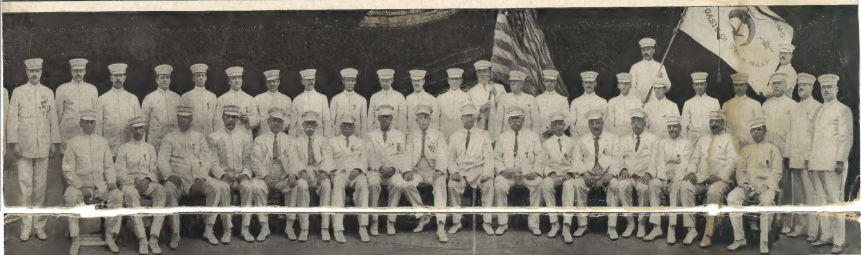
On the eighteenth day of the eleventh month Duh'l Kaada, 1329, corresponding to **FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1911**, this Temple will hold a **CEREMONIAL SESSION** in Mechanics Hall, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass., at six o'clock P.M.

### HEARKEN YE!

**T**HE Illustrious Potentate and his retinue will arrive promptly as the hour glass has piled up sand to the mystic hour. Take heed that you are present, that your salaam may mingle with the faithful. Remember your Fez — wear your dress suit if convenient, but you will be just as welcome even though you have nothing nearer evening dress than a pleasant disposition. It is our purpose to make our November Ceremonial one of the largest in our history, not only large in numbers, but large in conception.

New attractions have been provided. Our Chanters have been re-inforced in numbers and expanded in volume; the Oriental Orchestra of brass (all brass) will discourse the unknown melodies. The traditionally slow and somewhat tedious journey will be rapid and eventful; no delays, no respite until the Caravan sights the Domed Tekes of the Sacred City peering through the glimmering Eastern rays, and then only that the salaams of the unregenerate may mingle for the first time with those of the Chosen.

**The Candidates Will Assemble at the West Newton Street Entrance at 6 o'clock Sharp**



#### ADVICE TO NOVICES, A LA MEDIA

**U**PON second thought we have no advice to give you. The fact that you have realized your benighted condition and have determined to become enlightened is sufficient proof of your perspicacity to make it ambiguous superfluous for us to elucidate. If you should start your pilgrimage loaded with the best advice of the most seasoned Arab, it would be as naught; for like chaff before the typhoon it would scatter before the first blast of scorching winds that blow upon you from the desert; the first step upon the blistering sands; the dazzling, blinding rays of the noonday sun beating upon your bare head and aching eyes; then the one and only thing that you will remember is, that if you only had a chance at that moment you would make Cook and Peary look like amateurs in polar discoveries. For 'tis there, my son, you will be called upon to "show us" some stunts; to prove your mettle is worthy our steel. For a little preliminary practice you might try to stretch a wet sheepskin over the earth and fingers; swim the Atlantic Ocean before breakfast; carry a bedrick full of buckshot; wade in molten turning a couple of millions of revolutions a minute. If the inspectors mark your performance in each one of these trials 100 per cent you will probably last through the first section of the Ceremonial and we will be able to identify the remains after the second section.

**M**ANY unenlightened people imagine that the Shrine encourages departures from the teachings of Masonry, and would be greatly surprised to learn that its lessons are wholly in the direction of true courtesy, hospitality and good fellowship, and that its mission is to spread wisdom in dark places. It has its jolly times — and who does not like a well-earned jest? — but few mirth-provoking hours in its halls. The Shrine who imagines that a Greenwald gives him special license to drag the good name of a Mason into the dust, is unworthy of the trust with the modern spirit of the Shrine.

#### SHRINE HISTORY

It seems appropriate at this time that a brief review should be made of the history of the Shrine, that the uninitiated may learn something of the birth and growth of the Order.

The Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine was organized

knows when, and has existed in various forms prior to that date as well as subsequent. Its perpetuity has been a marvel to those who never think, and a plausibility to those less endowed. The best men of the country have been identified with the various features of the institution, and many have been so branded with the ceremonies that they have not dared to tell their wives.

The institution has prevailed despite the protests of candidates who have died into the Order with ropes not made of sand, and have never asked for any change, but were satisfied with what they got; for the Shrine has always been liberal with the ceremonies of initiation, and willing to give more if there was a desire manifested for the same. The Order is now strong and powerful, and is a potent factor in extracting content and dignity from men of all callings, and all cases of trying to run things are plunked, and parenthetically, he has a few on hand, which he will dispose of at three dollars per, with no extra charge for his autograph at the bottom.

This sketch is not intended for those who cannot read, but for those who desire a knowledge of the history, growth, and whereabouts of our Noble Order.

#### THE CRESCENT

**I**T will pay any Noble who desires to know what is going on in the Shrine circles outside of his own, to take the **CRESCENT**, published by Noble J. Harry Lewis, St. Paul. Just mail him your check for \$1.50 and you'll surely get your money's worth.

#### HOLD ON TO THE ROPE

My friend, when I gaze in your anxious face  
And think of the cruel, killing pace  
That is set for your feet in the coming race  
When they start you down the slope,  
When I think of the pass over the mountain high,  
And the terrible dangers ever nigh,  
In the name of Allah, lend me my cry,  
Hold on! Hold on to the rope.

Well I remember the fatal day  
When I played the game you are going to play  
And my broken body was borne away  
To be catfished and then with dope,  
And well I remember the scorching heat  
Of the blistering sands on my naked feet,  
And these solemn words from the Mercy Seat:  
Hold on! Hold on to the rope.

I see again in the gathering night,  
By the lurid glow of a Hell-born light,  
Responza's crew in their mad, wild flight  
As I struggle and gasp and grope;  
I feel in my face their scorching heat,  
And pray for the glad release of death  
While through the gloom still echoeth,  
Hold on! Hold on to the rope.

Lead in my ears is a dying knell,  
The shriek of a tempest and that tell,  
And sent to the fabled depths of Hell,  
Beyond the realms of hope,  
And in my heart is a sickening fear,  
And I trust my ears that I may not hear  
The call of Death that I know is near,  
Hold on! Hold on to the rope.

Enough of this retrospective view,  
Though troubles to him are a store for you,  
Heed this advice and we'll pull you through,  
And I solemnly do not mean to lie,  
Don't think you know more than the Potentate,  
Don't cavil at Lewis or a Greenwald,  
Your trust is in Allah, Good and Great,  
But hold! Hold on to the rope.

—Crescent.

#### WE EXPECT THIS PRINCE OF SHRINERS TO BE WITH US AT THIS SESSION



JOHN FRANK TREAT, Imperial Potentate

#### POINTERS FOR NOVICES



Candidates must be on hand promptly, not later than six o'clock the night of this session of hilarity, to settle up with the Recorder and get passport to the realms of bliss via the Hot Sands route.

Be on time — you might miss some extraordinary experiences, if you have corns, leave them at home or slick them with the Outer Guard.

Don't get uneasy; you will get on easy stars soon. You have a perfect right to feel sorry for yourself. Nobody else will feel sorry for you.

It will not be necessary to give the sign of distress — it will be seen on your face. If you are subject to spells of peevishness and get hot under the collar, don't wear one this time.

Don't hurt in — that is the danger point. Come expecting a good time. If you don't have it somebody else will. It's your money that pays for it.

Don't ask for anything. You'll get all that's coming. The most exquisite pleasure on earth is to scratch the place that itches. You'll have the chance of your life before the show is over.

Come in peace and depart in peace. Next morning you will have a chance to prove that if it wasn't for woman's curiosity man wouldn't be such a liar.

Modesty is a becoming virtue; do not therefore know it all — there are others.

Believe all things, hope all things, endure all things and you'll make a good Shriner.

Wash your feet and soak them in coal tar. This will prevent you from taking cold when you step on the hot sands.

Get some ball-bearing sheepskin pads for your trousers. This will enable you to move along without friction.

#### PARTICULAR AND IMPORTANT!

This Notice being sent to you in a roll, the bills for dues for 1912, usually forwarded with the Notice of the November Session, cannot be enclosed. It is therefore sent in a separate sealed envelope.

#### TO NOBLES WHO HAVE CHANGED THEIR ADDRESS

Prompt notice of the same should be forwarded to the Recorder.

#### NOTICE TO LIFE MEMBERS

To those members who are on the list of Life Members, the card for 1912 is also sent under separate cover; and if it is not promptly delivered, notify the Recorder.

ATTEST:

Yours in the Faith,

*Edmund Wells*

Recorder.

*Chas A. Estery*

Potentate.